The Saturday Gazette,

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR.

WILLIAM P. LYON, Editor and Proprietor. | CHARLES W. DAVIS, Associate Editor. | OFFICE, Bloomfield, N. J.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, GENERAL NEWS AND LOCAL INTERESTS. $2.00 A YEAR—IN ADVANCE

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THE SATURDAY GAZETTE,

BLOOMFIELD AND MONTCLAIR,

BELLEVILLE, CALDWELL AND VERONA.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, EDUCATION, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, AND ESPECIALLY OF LOCAL INTERESTS.

All Public and Local questions, including political and social, sanitary and reformatory, educational and industrial topics, will be clearly presented, and fully and fairly discussed.

It is intended and expected to make it not only acceptable and interesting to the general reader, but of special value to citizens of Essex county and of real importance to every resident of Bloomfield, Montclair Caldwell, Belleville and Verona.

Nothing will be admitted to its columns that is unworthy of cordial welcome to every family circle.

Settled *Clergymen in the county and all Public School Teachers* in the county will receive the paper gratuitously by sending their address to our office. *No postage to subscribers within the County of Essex.*

To ADVERTISERS it should prove a valuable medium. Our circulation extends to every part of Essex county, and considerably elsewhere.

SUBSCRIPTIONS and ADVERTISEMENTS will be received and forwarded by the Postmaster, who will be allowed to retain 50 cents as commissions on *new* subscribers also at our office in Bloomfield, or may be addressed by mail, to

WM. P. LYON, *Editor and Proprietor,*

BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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Mar. 1-1y

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jy26-1y

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APRIL, 15th, 1874

At a meeting of the Board of Managers held this day, a dividend at the rate of 7 PER CENT. PER ANNUM FREE OF ALL TAXES was declared on all deposits entitled thereto on the first of May, payable on and after May 18th.

Interest not drawn will be credited as principal from May 1st. Deposits made on or before May 2d, will draw interest from May 1st.

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July26-1y

THE MUTUAL

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May 2-bum

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MRS. BIDDY CHANTICLEER THE REFORMER.

BY ALICE CARY.

The following story though written nearly twenty years ago, will be as interesting to those whom it concerns at the present day, as it was to the previous generation. In whatever light the arguments may be regarded the manner of presenting them is capital:

Towards the sunset of a mild autumnal day in 1854, two sleek, plump, and motherly appearing hens might have been seen with their heads close together, and exchanging looks of exceeding great wisdom as they stood in the barn yard of John Moses Oldstyle. The precise "local habitation," of the aforesaid John Moses matters not to the interest of our story, as it is with all his pretty chickens and not himself, that we have to do. No farmer in the country perhaps ever paid greater attention to fowls than he, and probably none up to the day mentioned, with more uniform success and satisfaction. A more commodious hen roost was nowhere to be seen, and no poultry could be found better provided with straw, corn, water, gravel and other things useful for the comfort and convenience of reasonable hens and roosters. But to return to the autumn afternoon. The two hens mentioned happened to meet at a puddle of water near the well, and as good neighbors should, exchanged civilities while they drank.

"Have you met our new acquisition?" said the lesser and slecker hen who was known familiarly among her friends as Stripeneck; and there was something in the words "new acquisition," as she pronounced them, that implied disrespect on her part for the person whoever she was, so designated.

"No indeed—if you refer to Miss Crowant, and I suppose you do. But who calls her a new acquisition? And as she spoke, the hen known as Speckle, and one of the oldest and most estimable in the barnyard, put her head a little closer to Stripeneck than it had previously been.

"Why, whom do you think?" replied the first speaker, turning her little wise head to one side, as much as to say, "It will perfectly amaze you—you'd never guess, I know."

Speckle shook her head and said no, she could not pretend to guess what anybody thought anymore; and her manner implied that she had little sympathy with some things that were thought by some folks.

"Well," said Stripeneck, "she was called so by Longspur. I always thought he had more sense; and not only he—but a good many of our young folks seemed to think she is a wonderfully smart hen; they say she can crow as well as a rooster, and Mr. Longspur told me that she was going to make a speech to-morrow evening in the hen roost at early starlight. Now if that don't take the lead,

"Mercy on us," ejaculated Speckle raising both wings. "I won't let any of my chicks go that's flat. What has she to speak about, I should like to know." "Mr. Longspur" answered Stripeneck, "says she is to speak on hen's rights, if you know what that means."

Speckle sipped a little more water—and said when she was a pullet she never heard of such a thing, and she was not sure she as yet understood the phrase correctly. "Mr. Longspur s ys" answered Stripeneck, "that she advocates a more enlarged sphere for hens—thinks they are circumscribed in their movements, and that their capacities are equal to the self styled lords of the barnyard."

Speckle said she did not and would not understand the new-fangled notions of some of the hens—Miss Crowant among the rest, and she thought they would all live to depl re the day she came into the yard. And she added: "Old John Moses must have been crazy when he bought her. New acquisition indeed!"

Stripeneck looked all around—and speaking in a whisper said: "You must not say anything about it, Speckle, but a certain person told me that John Moses never did buy her—but that she was in the great chicken show you've heard of and got her head turned in consequence of being seen and admired, and has been going round the country ever since lecturing on hen's rights, and that she was smuggled in here by Mr. Longspur, without the knowledge of good Mr. Oldstyle."

"Did you ever!" said Speckel, and she opened her wings wider than before.

Again she sipped and added, "a most pernicious influence she will exert among us.

"That's my opinion," said Stripeneck. "And another thing, I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Longspur should get enough of the Crowants yet for they say that his wife Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer is to assist in the performances to-morrow night."

"Dear me," said Mrs. Speckle, "what are the chickens of this generation coming to."

Stripeneck replied that she did not know, but that one thing she did know she could not suffer one of her chickens to hear the proposed lecture from Miss Crowant.

Here the neighborly gossip was interrupted by the loud talking of a couple of half-grown pullets, who a little way off stood backed against a fence to make their tails stand up after the manner of a cock-erel.

"As I am alive," exclaimed Stripeneck, "one of those chickens is your daughter, I would not have believed it."

"Sure enough," answered Speckle, "and the other is yours." And rushing as she never rushed till then—except for her life—she seized her ambitious daughter and picked out two of the brightest tail feathers, exclaiming as she did so: "What in this world are you doing? Why I was never so surprised and shocked in all the days of my life."

The little pullet shook herself free, and with a saucy look that said, "You are quite behind the times old hen"—flew to the top of the smoke house and essayed to crow.

Meantime Stripeneck seized her chicken by the left leg and demanded an explanation.

"Wretch!" she said, "how dare you presume to set your t il up beyond the ordinance of nature?"

"Because," replied the culprit, blushing red in the comb, "Mrs. Chanticleer told us it was going to be all the fashion pretty soon; she is setting hef's up, and says Mrs. Crowant wears her's as high as a rooster's!"

"Oh! that I should have hatched such a pullet!" cried Stripeneck. "What will your father say?"

"They are a couple of old fogies, sister chick never mind them," called the pullet from the roof of the smoke house "I have some ideas of my own about reform and hen's rights, and my old-fashioned mother won't make me wear my tail down in the dew and dust—I don't care what she says. I have a right to wear a short tail, and will wear it whether it pleases every young cockerel in the yard or not." And stretching up her neck she attempted to crow again.

A couple of roosters who were passing in their shining pride, affected to be so mortified at the conduct of the pullets that they hid their heads beneath their wings that they might not witness the disgrace of chickendom.

Notwithstanding the prohibition of their old-fashioned mothers the two ambitious young ladies who were of Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer's way of thinking, stole from their proper roosts after night, and, contrary to custom, went unattended to hear the lecture of Miss Crowant. There was a great sensation in the yard, to be sure; some of the old hens would not even look up as the reformers passed along, most of them peeped slyly just to see how the creatures did look, they said. A few of the younger chanticleers were generous enough to take t[illegible]r what was said, but mostly those who went, went alone—the majority, and those known as the respectable class—absenting themselves altogether. In their opinion any rooster who went to hear Miss Crowant, compromised his dignity. As for the tone of society being affected by such an upstart, they had no more fear of it than the moon would turn aside for the mist on the hill-top. They forgot that the oak is the growth of an acorn, and in domestic life, especially, the greatest annoyances spring from very trifles.

All the barnyard fowls, however, could not make up their minds to maintain a dignified indifference; and a number gathered about the door of the hen roost with intent of creating a disturbance and crowed and cackled and strutted up to the very door in mockery of the proceedings within.

A terrible noise they raised when Miss Crowant was observed to enter accompanied by Mrs Biddy Chanticleer. Indeed some hisses were heard.

"For shame gentleman," said Mr. Longspur, standing up in the audience, "your mothers, sirs, were hens."

"Yes," replied one of the number, outside, "but they did not pretend to be roosters."

Miss Crowant had evidently oiled her feathers most carefully, but they lacked the gloss of the poorest cockerel in the yard, after all, but that she was equal in the matter of making a noise nobody could deny.

She was there to speak in favor of hen's rights, and she would speak; she would not yield her right to crow to any self-styled lord of the barnyard, she cared not how long were his spurs; nor would she cease to demand for her poor down-trodden sisterhood an enlarged and noble sphere of action. Hens were too distrustful of their capacities, she said; they had been so long accustomed to silent submission that they were really unaware of the mighty energies slu bering in their bosoms, they must form societies, individual effort could do but little, but with wing to wing, and cackle to cackle, they would speedily make their equality felt. Stated meetings must be established; let no hen who felt the necessity of reform say she could not leave home; the leaving of the nest and chickens to the care of the lords of the barnyard was the very first step towards her emancipation. Why must she be tied at home, the loftiest faculties of her soul undeveloped, or rustling out in uneasy action? Why, who but the chanticleers? And was there not a law of right higher than any code framed by a set of roosters? Moreover, if the roosters could make laws, why could not the hen's make laws? They certainly know their own needs best. Cockerels might sneer if they chose, but as to their windy assertions of supremacy, she did not care a pin feather for it.

Here there were several clear ringing crows from the outside of the roost—which seemed to say, "Do that if you can, Miss Crowant!"

At the conclusion of the lecture, Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer took the perch and in very shrill and decided tones informed the audience that an article of hen's rights had been drawn up by Miss Crowant, and that her own name headed it. If any of the sisterhood present felt disposed to throw off the yoke of oppression, and in a manner becoming a true hearted biddy, assert her independence and equality, she would be very happy to scratch down her name.

Several most ill natured hens went forward, and between the scratching of their names, Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer said that weekly meetings would be held thereafter in the roost, for the furtherance of the great reform, in which all chickendom was more or less interested, and which was destined ere long to shake the thrones of the proud monarchs of the barnyard; that Miss Crowant had engaged to be with them once a month, and that in her absence, meetings must be kept up for mutual encouragement.

As she sat down she was observed to wink her eye at her husband, who sat modestly in one corner, upon which he immediately arose and went around with his hat for the benefit of Miss Crowant. The meeting was concluded by singing,

There's a good time coming, Biddies—
Wait a little longer.

Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer and Miss Crowant rendering it with great spirit.

—Some of the hens who had sat through the entire performance, pulled their topknots over their eyes and walked straight out of the roost, avoiding any recognition of Mrs. Biddy and her friend—late of the exhibition.

They were in no wise amazed, however; they only smiled at their scorners. They had tasks to do and duties to perform that must not be thwarted by the idle contempt of the thoughtless multitude. Ridicule and all reveling were indeed evidences in their minds of their glorious calling, and so, after the people had departed, these two elevated and devoted hens took their way home alone, wing in wing, and escorted protectors and lanterns alike. Mr. Longspur as he walked home alone, was heard to say, that was the happiest and proudest night of his life. From that night, confusion dire reigned in the barnyard of John Moses Oldstyle.

Speckle and Stripeneck turned their two daughters out of house and home; one cross old hen, whose personal beauty had been for a good while on the wane, and who had been known as Longtail in the barnyard, created a deal of scandal by hiring an ass to chew off the longest feathers; another, who had never been married, and who had from her youth been addicted to a bad habit of crowing, was reported to have provoked a bat to bite her comb for the sake of making it sleepy red. What business had any fowl, even though it were a chanticleer, with a redder comb than she? Some of the biddies, younger and prettier of course insinuated that the ambitious reformer had wisely had recourse to a bat, for no other bird, except a blind one would have bitten her comb at all.

This was malice, perhaps envy, on the part of the biddies who had no talent for crowing. Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer, president of the association of reformers, made a speech at their first meeting, in which she openly asserted that she had no longer any regard for nest or nest eggs—that her husband is as much called upon to keep the house as she and that she felt disqualified by her abilities to be a slave for any rooster. She was born in a free barnyard, and would live and die an independent hen! Before a great while Mr. Longspur began to show signs of discontent; he neglected his plumage and drooped visibly. He went little from home, his spurs seemed losing their strength and sharpness, and it appeared as if half his fine neck feathers were gone; his old proud strut was lost, and he evidently didn't feel like a chicken among chanticleers any longer.

The entire chicken community of John Moses Oldstyle was affected b the reform movement; and such talking and gossip as prevailed had never been heard of.

Often Speckle and Stripeneck met at the well to bewail the unfaithfulness of their children, for both felt how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless chick; after due condolence, they never failed, as they sipped water together, to put each other in possession of certain matters which other hens had communicated to them, each promising each, of course, that as true as she lived and breathed, she would never cackle it to another hen.

One day when they stayed longer at the puddle than was common, Mrs. Stripeneck might have been heard to say:—"Sister Speckle, we are likely to have better times; Mrs. Biddy Chanticleer is going to leave her husband."

"What! you don't say so, Stripeneck. What on earth is the cause? He has always been a good provider, has he not?"

"Yes," said Stripeneck, "there never was a more faithful scratcher in the yard; he was too good for her, that's my opinion."

And they are really going to part—are they?"

"Yes, they are going to divide the chickens—he takes one half and she the other. They have never been truly married, Mrs. Biddy says; though they never have quarrelled, there is no perfect sympathy between them; and besides, she feels it her duty to go through the world and lecture on hen's rights; and Mr. Longspur, they say is quite willing that she should scratch for herself, inasmuch as she is independent in all other respects."

"Well," said Speckle, after a thoughtful silence, "I am truly, an ignorant, old-fashioned hen, to be sure, but it seems to me that any hen who has a home, and does all she ought to make it happy, will find her sphere large enough; and I have a notion of my own (here she put her head close to her friend) that it's only the hens that have not anybody to crow over them, who set up and crow for themselves."

THRILLING ACCOUNT.

Professor Squires made a balloon ascent in Brockville, Canada, last week. His machine struck the spire of a church, and the balloon split open, and the netting caught on the point of the spire. Squires was not seen to move a muscle. A whisper ran round, "the collision has killed him," the Then a slight movement, and the basket began to slip. It was evident the netting was giving way. Women grew white with terror, men trembled. There, at a height of eighty feet above the earth, was a fellow-being, hanging by a few slender threads; above and around the glittering steeple sheeted with tin; below, the stone battlements of the tower, on which to fall was instant death. A pause, and the basket had evidently been arrested in its downward course. Squires was seen to grasp the netting.

The moment he struck the spire there was a rush for ladders and ropes. Without number were the plans suggested to save him from death. But at this moment brave men were clambering up the inside of the church tower. A small window below the eaves opens directly beneath where the basket was suspended, but unfortunately it was very contracted, and it did not seem possible to squeeze through the aperture. But in a few seconds a man thrust his head through the window, and a board was pushed out of the lower portion of the opening, the end on the inside being held by men within. Then began a struggle. It was apparent that a man was endeavoring to crawl through the narrow hole out upon the board. The clothes were torn from his person in the attempt, but inch by inch he gained, and at last was seated on the board directly below the basket. The situation was one of great danger. Should the netting give way the basket in its descent would catch the daring man and hurl him, together with Squires, into eternity. At his appearance there was a cheer that made the welkin ring again. The heroic man who thus risked his life to save a fellow being in distress was Arthur Osment. It was seen that when he stood up that he could only reach to the top of the basket, and that he could not assist Squires from his perilous position.

The main body of the network had caught on the northern side of the spire, only two or three small cords having passed around the other side, and these, when the basket slipped, became slack. The least motion on the part of Squires would have precipitated him on the stone steps below. Osment spoke to Squires, who requested him to place his shoulder under the basket. This being done, Squires caught hold of a slight oval projection on the spire, which offered a slight hold, and thus helped to support the basket.

At this instant Mr. Andrew Stevenson appeared at the opening in the spire above Squires. The opening consists of a small trap door, and was not discovered for some time. Another cheer went up as Stephenson came out upon the spire, reached down a hand and firmly grasped the aeronaut and slowly drew him up to a place of safety. The suspense was over, and Squires was saved. Stevenson displayed great presence of mind and courage, and deserves well the praise that was showered upon him. On Squires perceiving a person above him, he inquired, "Can you hold me" Stevenson replied, "I can lift you if you weigh a ton." We learn from Professor Squires that when thrown against the spire he was rendered insensible for a moment or two, but recovered his senses on hearing some person shout to him from the inside of the steeple. His injuries consist of concussion of his side and a bruised knee.—*N. Y. Observer.*

Correspondence of Com. Advertiser.

HANDLING FREIGHT.

In yours articles about handling freight there is no doubt you are correct, but in regard to New York being the place to do it with economy, it can never be done; the day has gone by. In Philadelphia, as well as Baltimore, freight is handled cheap in comparison to New York, for the reason that all large stores and storehouses are built with railroad tracks running right into the building, the same as the Hudson River Railroad freight depot at St. John's Park. If a commission merchant of Philadelphia has, we will say, five hundred barrels of whiskey coming from Chicago, it is loaded in one car at Chicago and delivered right into his store, and does not go out until it is sold for consumption or export, thus only handling the freight but once. The greatest help for New York is the building of steam canal boats, where each boat can deliver her cargo aboard of steam ship or at some warehouse on the water; this is a relief to a certain extent, but no great relief can ever come where the tonnage is increasing as in New York. So much for New York.

Is JERSEY CITY THE COMING FREIGHT CENTRE?

Now look at the Jersey shore, or say Jersey City and Hoboken; nine-tenths of all the freight that comes to New York for export, and comes by railroad, arrives at Jersey City; only three-eighths of the freight that comes over the New York Central comes to New York, the balance, five-eights, going to Boston.

The railroads of Jersey City are doing and introducing the same system that is in Philadelphia and Baltimore, in handling freight. There has been more demand for property fronting on the railroad in Jersey City than was ever known before, and at prices forty per cent, over a year ago.

Take the case of the Lorillard Tobacco Manufactory, who have purchased property on the Pennsylvania Central, at Jersey City, paying for the same $275,000. To-day their tobacco as it arrives from the South, in leaf, is carted to Brooklyn over two ferries, made up in plug tobacco, and at least one-half of it carted back to Jersey City to be shipped South or West. In a short time the Lorillards will be running their new factory in Jersey City; their tobacco will be delivered right into their warehouse or manufactory, and a great part of it shipped out again, the cars loaded right in their warehouse. The saving of the Lorillards on being located at Jersey City will amount to some $80,000 to 50,000 per year, to say nothing of the facilities for doing business. The above is only an illustration of the two cities in regard to handling freight. The Pennsylvania Central, New Jersey Central, Delaware and Lackawanna, and Erie have all seen this, and every one of them is working to carry out the plan of handling freight, and the manufacturers are commencing to see this. Certain factories in Brooklyn would give fifty per cent. of the value of their property if they were located in Jersey City, with tract right into factory. The Jersey shore has got to handle the freight that comes to New York for export, also to manufacture the raw materials that are manufactured for New York. To-day Jersey City handles all the coal and oil; in less than ten years she will handle all the sugar and cotton. This may seem strange to you, but twelve years ago our export of oil was nothing; to-day it is the third in value of our exports, and Jersey City handles three-quaters of it.

SICKLY people probably live longer single than they would married, if marriage brings with all the cares and responsibilities it usually brings. Healthy people, however long they might live unmarried, live longer in pairs. It is natural they should with perhaps rare exceptions. If you don't believe it, reader, try it says *Herald of Health.*

"You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," says an old proverb. "No," replies a Cincinnatian sage, nor can you make a sow's ear out of a silk purse—so that makes that square."

Items of Interest.

New York has furnished another Bishop for the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Illinois, Rev. Dr. George F. Seymour having been chosen successor to the late Bishop Whitehouse.

Rev. Thomas A. Morris, D.D., for many years the senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church in this country, died at his residence in Springfield, Ohio, on the 2nd inst., at the age of 80 years and four months.

Lawrence, Massachusetts, boasts that it has not a single native American in the liquor business.

The Lincoln statue, which is to be dedicated soon at Springfield, Ill., is completed at Chicopee, Mass.

Brigham Young has ordered all saints over sixteen years of age to contribute 50 cents per month toward the payment for work on the new Salt Lake Temple.

A large deposit of white clay, such as is used in the manufacture of queensware, has been discovered near Hackettstown N. J. The only other known deposit of this clay in the country is at Trenton.

The venerable Dr. Moffatt, Dr. Livingstone's father-in-law, recently delivered a lecture in London on the illustrious traveler. Dr. Moffatt alluded particularly to his naturally inquiring mind, which manifested itself from a very early age, to the peculiarly high class of literature which he studied, and to the fact that he, like the lecturer, never read novels or went to a theatre. The character of Livingstone was, he said, ever confiding and simple, and this was a source of great strength throughout his whole life.

An English paper records the marriage "after forty years' courtship," of Mr. J. Felmingham to Harriet Smith, both of Acle, whose united ages amounted to 128 years. We are further told that "they left the church amid the ringing of the bells and the roaring of cannon."

The municipality of Vienna, says the *London Medical Record*, has, by advice of the Board of Health of the city, decided that the cremation of the dead should be immediately carried into operation on the same plan which has been completely successful in Leipzig. As the annual mortality of Vienna amounts to about twenty thousand, the public authorities reckon on making a great saving as well as a considerable benefit to the public health by burning the dead instead of burying them.

James R. Shreeve, who resides in Jersey City and is employed as an engineer on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western railroad, made a wager of $50 that he could jump from a train while it was running at the rate of twenty five miles an hour and land on his feet without falling. He performed the feat successfully and won the money.

THE LORD MAYOR OF DUBLIN ASTONISHED.—At an early hour yesterday morning Chief Engineer Bates in company with the Lord Mayor of Dublin, who wished to see how the fire department worked, went to the corner of Broadway and Murray street and sounded an alarm. Five minutes after the First Batallion were on the ground ready for work. A special alarm was then sounded for the self-propelling engine at Burling slip, and in a very short time it was on the ground, and the driver went through several evolutions, turning the engine around the Lord Mayor, who stood in the center of the street, almost close enough to brush his clothes. The visitor experienced much astonishment, and was well pleased with what he saw.

THE HEAD OF A WHALE.—The head is one-third the entire length of the sperm whale, and in obtaining the valuable spermaceti which it contains the whalemen divide it into three parts—the "case," the "junk" and the bone. The junk is first hauled on board and stowed away, and then the case is hailed. The case is the massive part of the head, cellular in the interior, the walls of the cells running vertically and transversely. It is filled with an oily substance of a faint yellow tint, translucent when warm. The oil bearing flesh forms about one third of the mass, and is a large whale it has yielded three and a half tons. The case also contains the respiratory canal, and a cavity of extraordinary depth filled with oil.

The Astor Library added 3,462 books to its catalogue last year, making a total of 147,640 volumes.

PROFILE ROCK.—Many of our readers have doubtless visited the Fronconia Notch of the White Mountains, and looked up at the dark, grim visage of the 'Old Man of the Mountain," as from an elevation of fifteen hundred feet he gazes on the wonderful panorama around him. He is certainly the oldest inhabitant in that region, if not of the globe. "Profile Rock," as it is also called, is the more remarkable in that it is not really a single rock, or several rocks piled one above another. The projections which form so distinct a face are hundreds of feet apart. Only from one line of view is the "Old Man" visible. Place yourself opposite the face of the mountain and you lose every trace of the rocky visage.

All lovers of flowers must remember that one blossom allowed to mature or "go to seed" injures the plant more than a dozen buds. Cut your flowers, then, all of them before they begin to fade. Adorn your room with them; put them on your tables; send bouquets to your friends who have no flowers, or exchange favors with those who have. On bushes not a seed should be allowed to mature.

"No real pleasure lights the breast that beats for self alone."